

The Varangian Recruiters' Song

Bertram of Bearington



The sum - mers are short in the lands to the North, The soil is poor win - ters are hard,



But the sun beats down hot in the lands to the South, And I hear they need men for the Guard.



Come men of the North, come fight-ers of Thule, Come to the warm south where the Cæ-sars still rule,



The road it is rough and the jour-ney is far, But we're sel-ling our swords to the S. P. Q. R.

The summers are short in the lands to the North.

The soil is poor, winters are hard.

But the sun beats down hot in the lands to the South,

And I hear they need men for the Guard

Come men of the North, come fighters of Thule,

Come to the warm South where the Cæsars still rule,

The road it is rough and the journey is far,

But we're sellin' our swords to the S.P.Q.R.

They gave me a shirt that was redder than red

And a cloak of a rich royal hue,

Then they gave me a blade to bite Saracen's flesh,

So their shirts could run red as blood too.

Chorus

The men of Byzantium are hon'able men,

No matter the tales you've been told,

For they call for our service again and again,

And our pay is on time and in gold.

Chorus

The senate and men of New Rome, it is said,

Lead fine lives of leisure and ease,

And the Byzantine ladies like Norsemen in bed,

So we fight or make love as we please.

Chorus

We fought with the Persians and Caucasus tribes

The Normans we've had on the run

And if, by bad wyrd, we should give up our lives

At least we shall die in the sun

Chorus